

# THE **Quill**

**A MAGAZINE FOR  
WRITERS, EDITORS,  
AND PUBLISHERS**

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**City Room Cynics Unmasked**

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By Arthur H. Little

**As They View It**

**After Deadline**

**The Book Beat**

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# As They View It

## AN APPEAL TO HONOR AND DECENCY

**T**HERE are, unfortunately, two broad classes of newspapers in America. There are honorable newspapers, edited and published by responsible men who have the instincts of gentlemen. There are reckless newspapers which hesitate at no scurrility, however base. It is not necessary here further to define either of these classes or to list them; every editor who reads this knows into which group he and his newspaper fit.

"This is an appeal to honorable editors and decent newspapers to take even greater pains than they have ever taken before to keep the coming Presidential campaign on a high plane of decency. That is not to urge the slightest restraint upon honest criticism or the most searching exposure of the truth about any candidate. But honest criticism should not be confused or combined with personal vilification.

"There is no means at law, consistent with the liberty for which the Press of America has so long fought, whereby anybody can be restrained from publishing whatever he is willing to take the risk of putting into print. But the effect of such libels of men who are in no position to avail themselves of their legal remedies would be mitigated, if not annulled, if decent newspapers which resent them, either from partisan reasons or in the interest of abstract justice, would abandon the practice of ignoring them and instead counteract them by positive declarations to the contrary, supported wherever proof is obtainable by such evidence as at least to provide the uninformed with effective counterblasts to the detractions.

"Would not such a policy, once generally adopted by the more high-minded and honorable section of the newspaper press, bring into our political life and public affairs a cleaner and more wholesome atmosphere? Would it not remove one of the principal barriers which today prevent many of our ablest men from offering themselves as sacrifices in the arena of politics? And would it not prove an effective weapon to suppress those publishers of libels, which they now venture to put forth only because they feel secure in the assurance that they will be ignored?

"Gentlemen of the Press, what is your answer?"—Frank Parker Stockbridge, editor, *The American Press*.



## THE MAN ON THE COPY DESK

**T**HE man on the copy desk, as I have found him, is a living thesaurus with a wealth of general knowledge more complete than most newspaper morgues. Firstly, he is a grammarian without being pedagogical. He carries in his mind between 2,000 and 3,000 names, with correct spellings and middle initials. He has an uncountable supply of verbs. These attributes one will find in even those journey-men copy readers, a fast disappearing race, whose chief boast was their ability to find a job every time they were fired from one for drinking.

"Nowhere in the editorial department is it more vital to instill a thorough interest in the paper than on the copy desk. This is no idle phrase. To be worth his salt, the copy reader must have an unquenchable desire for fair play; for clear bright, understandable stories; fair, unbiased and well-balanced headlines; clear, sound, unwavering judgment as to what is most interesting from the reader's point of view in the story he is editing.

"There have been many trite phrases about copy desks. The amount of responsibility placed in copy readers differs widely throughout the newspaper world. To my mind, and I will admit I am slightly biased, no newspaper can be successfully published unless every man on the copy desk feels as responsible for the paper as does the editor-in-chief; enjoys his work thoroughly and is equipped with the foregoing requirements."—Leonard Smith, slot man for the New York World-Telegram, in *Scripps-Howard News*.

# THE QUILL

(Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

A Magazine for Writers, Editors, and Publishers

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## City Room Cynics Unmasked

● Cynicism Is the Fashion in Many Newspaper Offices  
But the Fashion in Most Instances Is Just a Pose . . . ●

**T**HAT master of pseudo-cynicism, the newspaper man, is no longer admired and pleasantly feared—preferably from a safe distance—by the girls at Goucher and Smith. One reason for this is that the girls at Goucher and Smith now know a thing or two about pseudo-cynicism and it hasn't taken them long to find out that newspaper men aren't, as a class, any more cynical than Old Aunt Mary.

This is nothing new. They never were. They built up a reputation for looking at life without illusions in the days when an editorial writer could be sure of a chorus of cheers if he mentioned the sanctity of womanhood and wickedness consisted in wearing waxed mustaches and holding the mortgage on the widow's mite. They acquired the reputation, in the first place, because they were believed to know a good deal about the Seamy Side of Life. They frequented saloons. They rarely held jobs for more than a year at a time.

They had the lowdown on politicians. When the high ideals of the local candidate for the state legislature were mentioned, they were able to drop insinuations to the effect that he'd never get into office if the county knew where he had been last Tuesday night (until after midnight!). They were believed to hold treasured in their breasts secrets which, if revealed, would turn the city government inside out. "If reporters could print half the things they know," they hinted darkly, "this ole town would bust wide open!"

By  
**MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY**

**T**HUS it became the habit of a naive public to think of the newspaper man as one whose manner of life

### His Busy Years

**R**EADERS of The Quill scarcely need an introduction to Mitchell V. Charnley, who acts as an associate editor, conductor of The Book Beat and contributor to the magazine.

For those who may not be familiar with the wealth of experience he has crowded into his not so many years, it may be recited that he has done newspaper work in Detroit and Honolulu; freelanced in Europe for more than a year; edited the magazine Short Stories and has been an associate editor of The American Boy magazine; has written two biographies for boys, one of President Hoover and one of the Wright brothers; has contributed fiction and articles to magazines and at present is in his second year as an assistant professor of journalism at Iowa State College.

The Editor believes that newspapermen will recognize some of their associates, perhaps themselves, in the article Mr. Charnley has written on the cynics of the city room.

made it impossible for him to have faith in professed ideals and ambitions. He knew too much.

There were unquestionably among reporters a few true misanthropes—a few whose sneers at disinterestedness, sentiment, ethics, morality were sincere—just as there are a few among doctors, lawyers, merchants and thieves. There were many more who were sincere in believing themselves cynics. It is easy to believe about oneself anything that is attractive.

And it was undoubtedly attractive to be thought hard, disillusioned and astute. It gave one a certain distinction. In a day when illusion was a fetish, sentiment a rule for living and morality a word that covered everything from cheating a newsboy to incest, the caste of the skeptic was high indeed. He was set off from the mob, he was a little feared, and he was secretly admired.

So the reporter, who was nothing if not canny, developed his reputation. He made a cult of non-conformity. He wore a dirty slouch hat when the bowler was fashionable, cursed in the presence of ladies and ostentatiously played poker. Not only that. He let it be known that there was practically nothing he believed in. The head of the Ladies' Aid, in his eyes, held the job only because she thought it would get her into Heaven. And he didn't believe in Heaven.

**T**HOSE were the reporters of yesterday. They were the men who did their best work while drunk,



knew by their first names (because they had worked under them all) every important city editor in America, and disappeared periodically on sprees of three days to three weeks. They knew enough not to go back after the third spree, because of the nation-wide rule that two were to be expected, but a third meant "Thirty" on that particular job.

They have passed. Today's reporters, as you'll see in almost any movie house, are well-dressed young men who speak good English. They hold their jobs and they rarely disappear. Believe it or not, they are not so frequently the picturesque gentlemen who grace such effusions as "The Front Page." Many of them are college graduates. They behave fairly decently, look like anybody else and read a good deal of modern literature, fiction and non-fiction.

They even have ambition. Most of them admit—privately—that they are just waiting for the time when they'll get a few free hours so that they can break into the magazine field, a field which they consider far, far superior to newspaper work.

**OUTWARDLY**, a good many of them are still cynics. Like their predecessors, they apparently believe in nothing. They make it the fashion to speak of their jobs as "lousy." They despise newspaper work, wonder who the hell ever persuaded them to go into it, and are thinking seriously of becoming hi-jackers. They state that Evangeline Booth is making a mighty good thing out of the Salvation Army, and would like to know who writes Calvin Coolidge's stuff for him.

Their tones wax bell-like, and sometimes stentorian, when they get to praising "wise birds" like Peggy Joyce and Primo Carnera, who get theirs while the getting is good. They're likely to tell you that Judge Landis knows in advance just who'll win the Big League pennants and who'll cop the World Series. They say Hoover is a sap to be President when he could make twice as much as a consulting engineer. They are, in short, cynics. Or are they?

**ON** the city staff of one metropolitan paper is a man who has worked at the same desk, now, more than ten years. Eight years ago he was fed up with it. He used to use his spare time to write satires on the city room—satires in musical comedy form in which a chorus of city editors was constantly dancing around the copy desk to a refrain of

"Oh we're the city editors—we're hardboiled as can be!" He used to look with amused pity at the eager new reporters, and remark that they'd soon get over thinking newspaper work was fun.

"A man's a fool to stay with this paper, or any paper," he told me. "You won't see me here much longer. I don't know where I'm going, but I'm not going to stay in the newspaper business." I asked him his reasons. "It's a waste of time. I'm bored. Same thing day after day—I could write my stuff by the calendar. They talk about thrills. Thrills hell! A cub gets thrills for the first six months. I haven't had one for years. And I could make more money in a lot of other lines. I'm going to get out of the lousy place!"

He's still there. He's a good man, valued by the paper; he's doubtlessly right in saying that he could command larger pay elsewhere. He has had, he told me more recently, opportunities to take other jobs.

But he grinned a little apologetically when I reminded him that he had sworn to get out of newspaper work years ago—"Sure—I've always said that. I still say it. But I never will. I get too much kick out of it. There's something new every day, and I'd never be able to work any place where there wasn't the constant newspaper pressure. I say it's a bum business, but I guess I don't mean it."

**ON** another paper is a hulking big reporter who joined its staff in 1922. In the preceding 18 months he had worked on ten different papers. He was a cracking good police reporter and the city desk made him a crime specialist.

"Next time I change jobs it will be for some other kind of work," he asserted. "I'm sick of this sob stuff. Sure I write it, but it's only because the desk asks for it. It's all oil to me."

Recently I learned that this man is secretly devoting a considerable portion of his weekly pay check to the support of a couple of poverty-pinched youngsters whom he found in the course of one of his newspaper jobs. They were starving when he ran on to them, and he was touched. He is seeing to it that they are clothed and fed, and that they get to school regularly; and he is in constant fear that some of his friends will find it out.

**WHILE** covering another assignment once I ran into a reporter for a rival paper—a man known for his unparalleled assortment of choice

profanity, his dirty stories and his general hardness. We were on the same story and we decided to team up. When we reached the place for which we were headed, we discovered the story to be a peculiarly sensational divorce. The woman who was getting the divorce, unattractive and quite lacking in appeal, had the usual story about preferring not to have publicity. Ordinarily this plea would have done her no good. But her mother, a white-haired, gentle, mannerly little lady stricken to tears by the "disgrace" that had come to her name, sat damply in on the interview.

She begged us to keep the story out of the papers. I was new at the job, and, although I was most willing to accede, I felt that the presence of my seasoned, hardboiled rival (he was a rat-faced little chap and it was easy to believe all that had been said of him) would force me to print it. He must have sized up my attitude, for he didn't even consult me.

"Okay," he said. "We'll kill it." He went to the telephone and called his city editor. "Nothing to the story," he reported, "bum steer." He volunteered to keep it out of the third paper.

As we left the house he turned to me.

"You got to do that now and then," he explained. "That old girl got to me. No sense in putting her on the spot just to satisfy a lot of moron readers."

**INSTANCES** multiply. There are few newspaper "cynics" who have not, at one time or another, betrayed themselves into an unpardonable display of sentiment or sentimentality. Cynicism is the fashion in newspaper offices but the fashion is not sincere.

Newspaper men become as maudlin as the artists of Tin Pan Alley when "tiny tots" or "kiddies" (not babies or children) come into their stories. Motherhood in any form is similarly sacred.

**REPORTERS** sneer at loyalty. Yet they go through hell and high water to score a beat, or merely to get a story. And it is not for personal glory that they do it, but because their paper is their god. There rarely has been a reporter who is not subject to the emotional stimulus of working like the devil to dig out a yarn and relay it to the office in time to get on the street a matter of minutes ahead of a rival. They don't admit that their paper comes first; but they work longer hours than would be countenanced in any other profes-

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# GOLD TROUBLE!

**G**OLD is the yardstick for monetary values throughout the civilized world. It remains the basis for computing values, especially of goods or services of an international nature, even in those countries which have recently abandoned the gold standard. Gold retains this function in civilized society primarily because of centuries of custom and experience which have taught mankind, or at least led it to believe, that gold is the one most desirable kind of money to own. It is very unlikely that the world will give up this idea in the near future, although the relationship of goods and other kinds of money to gold may change.

Gold is useful as a basis for money because it is attractive as a metal, of comparatively little value in the arts, because it is durable and because its annual production is comparatively stable and small and not of great influence on the existing total stocks of the metal. There is approximately \$11,000,000,000 of monetary gold in the world. Annual production amounts to something over \$400,000,000, part of which is diverted to the arts and part of which goes into hoarding in the Orient. The actual amount available for monetary purposes has averaged in recent years something over 2 per cent of the stocks in existence, a rate of growth which is only slightly below the average rate of credit expansion and of increase in business volume.

The United States is today the best example of a country which is on the straight gold standard. We impose no limitations on imports or exports of the metal. The mint at Washington is always ready to buy the metal at a fixed price in dollars and the bulk of our circulating currency can be redeemed in gold upon demand. In this country, as in most civilized nations, gold circulates to a very limited degree only. For the most part, it is held in vaults either of the central banks or of the Treasury, where it is used as the legal basis for currency and credit. In the United States, our chief currency-circulating medium is Federal Reserve notes which must be backed by at least 40 per cent gold reserve. Our credit, that is bank credit, as represented by bank deposits, also has an ultimate backing of gold. Banks in the Federal Reserve System must keep on

## ◆ A Maldistribution of the Precious Metal Presented the World With Perplexing Monetary Problems ◆

By SHERWIN C. BADGER

Editorial Staff,  
The Wall Street Journal

deposit with the Federal Reserve Bank approximately 10 per cent of their total deposits as reserve deposits. These reserve deposits, in turn, must be backed by not less than 35 per cent in gold.

**A**SIDE from its use as a legal backing for currency and credit, gold is the medium through which international balances of payments are adjusted. Sometimes international payments are effected by the actual transfer of the metal and sometimes by mere bookkeeping operations, whereby a certain amount of the metal is set aside and "earmarked" as belonging to a foreign nation. For example, if the United States on balance owes France \$10,000,000, it is

quite likely that instead of shipping \$10,000,000 of gold across the ocean, that sum in gold would be set aside ("earmarked") in the vaults of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, to the credit of the Bank of France.

Recently, most of the leading countries in the world, except France and the United States, have had either to suspend or drastically restrict the gold standard. They were forced to do this because their supplies of gold had become so diminished either by unfavorable trade balances which made payment in gold necessary or by flights of capital to places which were considered safer. In no case was suspension of the gold standard caused by internal inflation, that is to say by increases in national currency and credit. It is worth observing that, although these countries suspended the gold standard, they all did so in order to conserve the gold which was left in their hands and which was essential for the maintenance of their currency and credit. In other words, all these countries that have "abandoned" gold still feel that gold is very valuable and worth saving.

### Background Material

**B**ECAUSE of the almost universal interest in present-day monetary problems, the Editors of The Quill requested the accompanying background article on the gold standard.

Sherwin C. Badger, who treats of gold and the depression in the article, is regarded by Kenneth C. Hogate, vice-president and general manager of the Wall Street Journal, as one of the keenest students of the Federal Reserve System in the country.

Mr. Badger was graduated in 1923 from Harvard University where he was coxswain of the crew. Following his graduation, he spent two years with the Boston News Bureau, which is affiliated with the Wall Street Journal, and then joined the staff of the Wall Street Journal in New York City.

Mr. Badger, as American doubles champion, represented the United States in the figure skating contest in the recent Olympic meet at Lake Placid.

**S**TILL another standard of currency and credit has crept in to quite widespread use since the World War, namely, the gold exchange standard. This permits a nation to count as part of its legal reserves, that is its legal gold reserves, certain types of demand deposits or bankers' acceptances owned by it in other countries. Thus the Bank of France counts as part of its legal reserves nearly nine and one-half billion francs' sight balances abroad and nine billion one hundred million francs of negotiable bills bought abroad. In reality, this means that a given quantity of gold is serving as the legal backing for French currency and credit and also for the currencies and credits of the foreign nations where France maintains these balances. Furthermore, it subjects any nation holding balances for the Bank of France, let us say, to a pos-

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# OUT WITH THE HOOEY

**M**ODERN publicity men have had a hard time living down the old-time circus press agent. Not because his methods were not all right in his day. They were. But because publicity men have refused to devise new methods from those which made the old-time circus press agent a success. With changing standards in editorial ethics, those methods today are frowned upon by many editors.

There is scarcely an editor in this country whose name is not on the mailing lists of at least a dozen—perhaps scores—of publicity men representing all kinds of business and social enterprises, to say nothing of the many departments of the government which send out regular releases to the newspapers. To look through a few dozen of these releases is enough to make anyone realize why editors are fast getting gray-headed and howling to the skies in their association meetings against the Greater Menace—the Publicity Man.

Thinly disguised as news, much of this stuff is poorly written and has but little reader interest. And yet the editor who is running a newspaper for his readers and to make money in return for the white space he sells both locally and nationally is asked each week by dozens of “high-powered” press agents in far-away cities to run truck loads of ill-written publicity.

**Y**ES, the newspaper man has a case. He has a right to shout to the high heavens his disapproval of such methods used by publicity men who in many cases are representing some of America's outstanding businesses. As a result it causes many an editor to clamp down on every piece of publicity which comes into his office and promptly throw it into the wastebasket. It puts into his mind a prejudice against any copy coming from a publicity source, regardless of the fact that it might have some real reader interest—some real news value. But he has to accept so much dross to get one ounce of gold that he gives it up as a bad job and throws it all into the wastebasket each day, many times not even taking time to open the envelope in which it is “shipped.”

But these are changing times and as Lee Pace says—news editor of the Colorado Springs *Farm News*

By CLYDE DUNCAN

## Whence Publicity?

**N**EWSPAPER editors have a right to “howl to the skies” over much of the stuff shipped to them today by so-called publicity men, Clyde Duncan, a sales promotion and publicity writer for the Purina Mills, of St. Louis, Mo., observes in this candid article.

He holds that there is a place in this busy, modern world for publicity men who do their jobs as they should be done. And as proof of his contention that there really is a place for publicity if the editor and his readers are kept first in mind, he declares that last year some 100,000 column inches of copy that he wrote were published.

Mr. Duncan was graduated from the University of Missouri, having majored in agricultural journalism there. After leaving the university, he served for two years as field editor on a state farm magazine and then a “hitch with the United Press under affable ‘Scoop’ Turner” before taking up his present connection.

Every now and then, he admits, he has to administer a self-inflicted “stiff kick” when he finds he too is writing copy that may be labeled “hooley” by some editor.

which for several years won the trophy offered by the National Editorial Association for the best made-up country weekly—some publicity men are waking up, are shortening their copy and not writing until they have some real news.

Over the coffee cups one evening, Pace pointed out that often out of all the great mass of publicity that comes to his office he is unable to use a single item. He blames the fact that too many men writing publicity do not think first of the reader and the editor before turning out reams of useless copy. Too many of them forget their news training and write for the “boss” rather than for the folks out at the crossroads who are to read their copy eventually. They forget the old definition of news—that it is not news if a dog bites a man but it is news if a man bites a dog. They write when and anything the boss

tells them to write. They are trained seals.

**T**HERE are editors—lots of them—who do not discriminate in their columns against the well written publicity coming from a business house if that publicity contains sufficient news or human-interest material to warrant its being of general interest to their readers. News of a discovery in the research laboratories of some company that is apt to alleviate the ills of mankind or help in the progress of civilization is still received with favor by many editors, even though its announcement might come in the form of a piece of publicity copy. The more interestingly it is told, the more easily will it gain access to a place in those columns.

Today if the news of the discovery of the incandescent lamp should be withheld from press associations and then released in the form of well written publicity, it would be given much space by editors and would be recognized as “big news.” Others, much in the habit of chucking all releases into the wastebasket, would probably chuck this, too, out of force of habit.

Dissipated as the field of publicity is, there is still left in it a spark of life and that spark is in the form of news interestingly written—well told. If a piece of publicity is not news and does not contain sufficient interest otherwise, it should not be written in the first place. It is the “hooley” that goes out from many business houses disguised as news that has put the man who writes it in a bad light with many editors. And that is the reason for the many epithets hurled at press meetings against the publicity men.

**M**ANY editors claim that the place for the story of business is in the ads and not in the news columns. The merchandising of a new discovery made by a business house should be in the ads and the ads only, but there is a place in the news column for the telling of that which is news whether it originates in the laboratories of a commercial organization or in a college or university laboratory. Where it originates is secondary to the fact that it is news and is of general reader interest. There is where the man who writes publicity comes in.

The publicity man who is in bad

## ★ Publicity Has Only Itself To Blame For Its Disfavor With the Editor, This Writer Says ★

with editors is the one who every time his boss calls him in and says, "We have just had the biggest business year in the history of our company. Get that on the front page," goes away and writes pages of copy, beginning first with the history of the company and telling how the president started as a country boy with vision and finally rose to the head of such a magnificent, glorious, world-renowned company. He harkens back to the circus-press-agent days and handicaps publicity generally. But in writing that kind of copy he probably retains the goodwill of his boss and can rest assured—if his boss doesn't call for the newspaper clippings on that story—that he will continue to get his pay check.

But the man hired to write publicity should have backbone to ask first, "What news is in that for the man out there reading the *Weekly Times*. He's not interested in the fact that we have had the greatest business since we started but how in doing that we have helped him—his community—his very family. What have you got on that?"

How much better it would be for editors, business and advertising if, when the boss asks for a story to be written, the writer would clamp down then and there and apply the acid test of news and reader interest to the ideas that the boss wants to go out as publicity. How much better it would be for the publicity man a month later to be able to come to his boss with several dozen newspaper clippings showing that the story has been accepted.

There is, no doubt, a place for the publicity man in business today if he keeps his head and has grit enough to question even the "most high" now and then when it comes to writing copy for which the company is not

paying a penny for insertion. Business is growing and advancing with such speed that people everywhere are interested in keeping up with it, and too often this cannot be done adequately in ads that must first of all sell the company's product and tell about the company's activities, say in research and experimental work, secondarily.

To prove this, the three great inventions during this century receive thousands of lines of publicity each year all because folks are wondering what is going to happen to them next. What new ideas are being developed? What new devices are being thought out? They are the automobile, the radio, and the airplane. Many newspapers devote special pages to these three everyday, matter-of-fact mechanisms. Why? Because they are news. That's the reason. Folks are interested in them. They want to know when Henry Ford is coming out with an eight. When television and the radio will go together, and when they can live in Chicago and work in New York.

The editor of any newspaper will devote space to legitimate news, whether it comes from a business organization or from the National Republican Committee, just so it is news.

THERE is a place for publicity in this hurry, workaday world where everyone is interested in what everyone else is doing. The writing of it is an art just as much as the drawing of a masterpiece or the writing of a best seller is an art. It requires thinking and the writing must be even on a higher plane than the writing of ads. It must be good writing, excellent writing, with the element of news basic. It should stand on its own feet and be divorced absolutely from advertising. It must interest not only the boss but the editor and his readers. It must be short and to the point, yet with enough interest to convince the editor of its being worth space in his paper. It must be its own salesman and sell itself by saying something which the editor knows that Frank Smith, John Adams, and all the rest of his subscribers are interested in reading about.

Publicity has its own self to blame for its present predicament. It has failed to keep pace with these changing times. In many cases it has depended on advertising to get it by. It has held on to the old ideas of the circus press agent of a quarter of a century ago.

Publicity has a great and powerful place in business. It can do a great and lasting good if handled right, but if handled wrong, as much of it is, it can only bring criticism to those who sponsor it.

Publicity that thinks first of the editor and the reader and has real news as its base is the kind of publicity that gets printed and does the most good. That is the kind that brings the fewest kick-backs from the men who are running the country's newspapers today. After all, they are the judges. Publicity needs a new name to get it away from its past.

### A Publicity Man Views His Cohorts

SOME publicity men are waking up, are shortening their copy and not writing until they have some real news.

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"Too many of them forget their news training and write for the 'boss' rather than for the folks out at the crossroads who are to read their copy eventually."

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"It is the 'hooey' that goes out from many business houses disguised as news that puts the man who writes it in a bad light with many editors. And that is the reason for the many epithets hurled at press meetings against the publicity men."

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# You Must Like Folks—

≡ If You Would Trade "City Room Drudgery" For the  
Country Weekly Field, Take Measure of Yourself ≡

**F**OR some time past, I had hoped that someone might arise to dispute the pleasanties of Sherwood Anderson anent the country newspaper. And the someone arose, in the person of Lyle Webster, who hoisted a considerable load off his chest in the November issue of *THE QUILL*. Ever since reading what he had to say I've wanted to contribute my mite to the discussion.

I'd have gotten to it sooner but for the pressing necessity of rounding up recalcitrant subscribers and holding out bait to skittish advertising prospects, grown overfinicky in a period of depression. Having been partially successful, I address myself to Mr. Webster's "That Country Weekly Myth."

The truth in this matter, as in so many others, I suspect to lie midway betwixt two extremes. Mr. Anderson, no longer youthful, but with an established reputation and presumably a fairly established income from the sale of his rather well known works, sees the country newspaper as an opportunity for self-expression in a machine age. Mr. Webster, youthful, presumably fortuneless, but ambitious, viewed it in much the same way. That one found it satisfying and the other did not affects the country newspaper not at all. The country paper, as an institution, will jog on despite Mr. Anderson or Mr. Webster and regardless of the fact that both these gentlemen have perhaps in some degree failed to grasp certain of its damning, though by no means damnable, realities.

**T**HE fact of the matter is, and I have clung to the thesis in spite of all argument to the contrary, that the rural newspaper man is born, not made. And, mark you, the question of birth in this connection is purely accidental. You may be a native of a burg of 500, brought up, educated in it and inured to its ways, and yet be a lamentable failure as owner and editor of its paper; or you may be a city-bred man, thrown by circumstance into the country, and "find yourself" as part and parcel of a rural sheet.

Mr. Anderson, if I recall rightly, gave as one of his reasons for joining his destinies with those of two Vir-

By JAMES L. SMALL

Owner and Editor,  
The Mukwonago (Wis.) Chief

ginia weeklies that they would give him time to invite his soul and also go fishing. Well, I've been on the job for six years in an attractive village of 850 and I've had no time to fish, although I am prepared to admit that I've had a better chance to learn life and to ruminate on its inexplicabilities than I ever had before.

Turning to Mr. Webster: "I wanted," he writes, "to run a little country weekly, where one was his own boss, where he was independent, where he could be an editorial crusader in his field, where he could be a man of influence in local affairs."

**W**HAT'S wrong with that picture? Nothing, except that the writer expected the country to yield something that is beyond the power of city or country to deliver, in these days at any rate. Nowhere on this

green earth of ours is a man his own boss; nowhere can he be entirely independent. That cannot be looked for in an age when the individual is so merged in the social scheme. As to being an editorial crusader, within limits that is eminently possible, and I have no hesitancy whatever in affirming that to the country editor is given an opportunity for leadership such as few other callings can claim.

That a country paper is a business is not to its discredit. If a man or woman (and it must be remarked that a not inconsiderable number of women stand out today as leaders in the field) has the penetration to grasp and to sense the fact that business is a romance of a real sort, then the setting of type, the making out of bills, the revision of mailing lists, the correction of proof, the solicitation of ads, with its very human contacts, will rank alongside the writing of editorials and the gathering of news in the fostering of the creative, or at least the interpretive, faculty.

**F**OR the country newspaper is life. I would not say that it is more so than the metropolitan daily, but I will say that it weaves together the issues of life and death, of joy and sorrow, into a pattern that is infinitely more harmonious than the drudgery of the city room. In the latter names are names; while in the former names are our neighbors. And therein is presented to our view a gap that no one has ever bridged and in the nature of things no one ever can bridge.

For my own part, no happier moments have ever come to me than those I have experienced on many a Wednesday night, when all alone in the silent shop, help gone and fires banked against the next day, I have "made up" the front page. It is filled with stuff that I myself have written, have seen set up on the trusty "lino," and have corrected in proof. To have it take shape under my own eyes and manipulated by my own fingers is to me an occupation of which I never weary. Each name on that front page is a story and the placing of it an event. It compensates for the blow-up I had in the office this morning with old man Thompson because of a mistake in his last week's ad and

(Continued on page 15)

## Reverberations!

**W**HEN Lyle Webster, special writer with the U. S. Department of Agriculture, wrote "That Country Weekly Myth" for the November issue of *The Quill*, he set in motion a round of argument, discussion and opinion that is still reverberating.

James L. Small, who contributes the accompanying article, feels that Mr. Webster was giving good advice when he advised that a man take careful measure of himself and the country weekly field before leaping from metropolitan to rural journalism.

Mr. Small is the son of a man who was a member of the Chicago Tribune staff in the days of Joseph Medill. He had no idea or intention of following in his father's footsteps but an unforeseen chain of circumstances led him to a country newspaper office. He bought the Mukwonago Chief, in a town 25 miles from Milwaukee, six years ago.



# And It's Called Criticism

**I**F a murder were committed in a large department store, not a newspaper in the country would report the incident as a lawn party merely because the owner of the store was a big advertiser. An atrocious assault upon a public official hardly would be described as a testimonial dinner. Such reporting would be, to say the least, misrepresentation.

Why, then, is it any more ethical for the drama department of a newspaper to misrepresent the quality of theatrical productions in the columns which a theater-going public reads to determine the worth or worthlessness of such offerings?

The most mercenary publishers would be righteously indignant should anyone request that a meeting of striking railway employes be reported as the annual picnic of the traction company. But these same publishers—not all, I will grant, but too many—haven't the slightest compunction about ordering their alleged critics to praise utter tripe with all the adjectives of a press agent.

**P**UBLISHERS and even managing editors who would be repelled by a suggestion that they distort an ordinary news item—even though such distortion might cost nothing to the newspapers, their readers or their advertisers—feel entirely different about their theatrical columns.

They see no reason why they should not inform prospective purchasers of theater tickets that any given farce, drama or musical comedy is "quite the most delightful thing this town has seen in seasons." This, despite the fact that the production may be almost too bad for the storehouse toward which it is heading.

Publishers and editors are not alone, however, in their failure to see the effect of this sort of thing. But they suffer equally as much as the producers, theater owners, and managers who originally caused the condition by bringing pressure to bear upon the advertising departments of the newspapers. The newspapers suffer because the moment the box-office receipts begin to drop the theater manager's first move in the name of economy is the cutting of appropriations for newspaper advertising.

**P**RODUCERS, actors, authors, managers and even stage hands have been crying "The road is dead, the

## ● Newspaper Drama Critics Sometimes Do Not ● ● Say What They Really Think About the Play ●

By JOHN F. DeVINE

road is dead." They have been crying it for years, blaming it on the war, on the movies, and now on the "talkies."

It never seems to occur to the managers and producers who are howling the loudest that the pressure they brought to bear on the newspapers may have had something to do with the demise of "the road." They have sent out mediocre (or worse) companies and advertised them as the original New York casts. Then, if a newspaper writer dared hint that the girl who played the maid for two minutes in the second act was not the one who essayed the same role on Broadway, the theater manager withdrew his advertising from the offending newspaper.

It was not enough when the play reviewer wrote simply that "The Second Mrs. Bumpstead's Third Husband" opened a three-day run at the Grand Theater last night," and then proceeded to tell, *sans* critical comment, what the play was about. No, that was not enough. The managers wanted praise; they wanted the papers to report that "Mrs. Patrick

Cartisk, the star, looked younger and more beautiful last night than she did when she played here in 'The School for Wives' 40 years ago."

After a while, even the most moronic theatergoer gets the idea that somehow these plays haven't been all his favorite newspaper said they were. He is fooled once or twice, and maybe he takes a third and a fourth chance. After that he doesn't even bother to read the so-called reviews of new plays. He remains content to seek his theatrical entertainment in the movie houses, where it doesn't cost so much to see a bad show. Then the theater manager howls that the movies have killed his business.

**I**F the aspiring young critic who covers the play happens to like the performance of some other member of the cast better than that of the star he is quite apt to be looking for a new job within a few hours after the newspaper appears in the theater manager's office. New York gained one of its most talented sports writers in this way a few seasons ago when Don Skene, now on the *Herald-Tribune*, had the temerity to intimate to the reading public of a West Coast city that that city had seen better actors than Otis Skinner.

One newspaper in Newark, N. J., for a long time dared not call its dramatic department its own. Although there were two legitimate theaters there, no mention of their productions or pictures of their players ever appeared on the front page of the Sunday "Drama" section. That page had to be devoted entirely to stories and photos of stage and screen players to be soon in the city's several movie palaces controlled by one of the larger motion-picture companies. The publisher was rewarded with a full-page advertisement which would not have been given his paper otherwise. Because the "Drama" section came to resemble a house organ for the motion-picture company even the regular readers of the newspapers ignored the theater pages.

The dramatic editor of that news-

(Continued on page 16)

### In a Critical Vein

**I**N the accompanying article, John F. DeVine attacks misrepresentation in the drama departments of some newspapers. His article, he advises, is not intended as a sweeping condemnation of all newspapers but rather for those where such conditions as he describes exist.

Mr. DeVine formerly was drama and movie critic of the Bronx Home News in New York City and later held a similar position with the Newark, N. J., *Ledger and Free Press*. He also did "second string" reviewing while a member of the staff of the New York American.

He is now doing freelance magazine and newspaper articles after 12 years of newspaper work, from cub to columnist.

# THE QUILL

A Magazine for Writers, Editors and Publishers

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APRIL, 1932

## MR. TUNNEY SPEAKS UP

INDIGNANT retorts have been voiced and written frequently in recent weeks as the result of statements made by Gene Tunney, former heavyweight champion, in the March 5 installment of his autobiographical series in *Collier's*. The statements had to do with his engaging of two active newspapermen with daily columns, to each of whom he declared he agreed to pay five per cent of his purses in return for sufficient mention of himself in their columns to keep his name before the public and the big promoters. This arrangement, he said, continued for about a year. He added that he presently was to learn that it was the custom to make monetary gifts to certain newspaper men after important matches.

These statements made many sports writers literally "see red." Their retaliatory remarks were bitingly sarcastic, and rightfully so, for the remarks were so worded that they cast suspicion upon the more prominent of the sports scribes. If monetary gifts were customary to "certain" newspaper men after important matches it would be presumed that those "certain" men were ones whose columns or articles carried the greatest appeal for the fight fans.

Perhaps there were and still are sports writers or editors who let their opinions be swayed or publicity creep into the columns at their disposal, for pay. But their number would be insignificant in comparison to the legion of sports writers who serve their papers and their readers as honestly and fairly as they know how.

Bribe-givers usually are even more reprehensible than the bribe-takers. They want something and they have the means of paying for what they want. They tempt and in some instances buy those who can give them what they want.

Few, if any, editors or managing editors would keep on their staffs sports writers, market or financial writers, real estate editors or any other employees who were suspected or known to be using their positions to obtain "fees," to use a less objectionable term, for the publish-

ing of opinion or publicity favorable to certain individuals, organizations or movements.

Dishonesty is not a common characteristic of newspapermen, neither is an abuse of trust or confidence common. Included in the army of news-gatherers there may be some who are unfaithful to the confidence that has been placed in them, just as there are fighters who can be bought to throw fights.

Dishonest or unethical newspapermen do journalism lasting injury just as unethical lawyers or physicians and surgeons can harm their professions. If Mr. Tunney's statements will mean the weeding out of any newspapermen guilty of unethical or dishonest practices they will have served to good purpose—even if he has been so long in airing his charges.

## THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW—

RECENTLY a United States Representative wrote a play and got it presented in New York. The critics didn't like it, and the Representative, being a member of Congress and therefore not accustomed to adverse criticism, discovered his feelings to be hurt. He decided that the harshness of the critics was the cause of the flop of his play, and something should be done about it.

Obviously it called for a Law.

So he decided to ask Congress to pass a Law requiring newspapers to give space equal to that used by critics to rebuttals written by the producers. Naturally this would be the only way in which the public could get an open, unbiased view of the work of the theater. And it's an idea that might be extended into many other fields. Recently *Collier's* published an article by Arthur Train in which the falsehoods and libels in a recent book about Hoover were described. Since the publisher of the book had a considerable capital risk involved, why should not *Collier's* be forced to give the publisher equal space so that the magazine's readers might have both sides of the question? A year or so ago the *American Mercury* used a piece which asserted that long overland bus trips are accompanied by certain discomforts. Why not require the *American Mercury* to publish also a reply by a bus magnate (words counted, of course) so that the magnate might state that a long overland bus trip is not accompanied by certain discomforts?

Oh, it's a grand idea, worthy of the Congressional mind. It is easy to predict that this particular playwright will be more of a success in Washington than he ever will be on Broadway.

## SUPPRESSION AT HOME

MUCH time and space is devoted by newspaper men to discussions of suppression and censorship—chiefly as those enemies of a free and influential press affect the foreign press.

When police officials in American cities and other public officers can bar, at least temporarily, newspaper reporters from an examination of public records; when reporters sent into coal fields or other areas are shot, beaten and ejected forcibly from such regions by supposedly public "law enforcement officers" or by so-called "private police"; when the strong-arm squads of powerful manufacturers can stop automobiles on public highways and seize camera plates—it becomes downright imperative that American publishers, editors and their staff members spend time, space and energy combating these same evils as they affect our own press.



# Your Story Must Interest!

**I**f you have read Wells' "Outline of History," what passages or sections of that remarkable work do you remember as having liked best?

You will specify some story, the story of Caesar, the story of Alexander, the story of Charlemagne, the story of one of the four great religions, or perhaps the story—that magnificent mystery story—of those unknown tribes from the Orient that crossed to the tip of Alaska, wandered down the western rim of the Americas and left, here and there, some queer weapon or implement, some trace of a custom, some shadow of ethnological evidence to baffle and fascinate the scientists and historians of the ages to come.

Always you will specify some "story." But why? "Well," you will explain, a shade vaguely, "because Wells made those stories so interesting. Because he made them seem so near and so real. I could feel them."

**Y**OU remember your enjoyment of those "stories." You remember with what a tingling of anticipation you realized, at each approach, that a "story" was just ahead. You remember how your interest quickened when Wells picked up the trail of that "story," how he swept up the grade of the ascending action, how he thrilled you with the climax. You remember how, with the story behind you, you turned with a little sigh of regret to follow Wells when he turned again to analysis, to logic, to exposition.

Did you stop, anywhere, to analyze one of those "stories," one of those interludes of vivid description, of sweeping narration, of drama brought to a climax? Did you try to search out the purpose and define the procedure of the author?

The writer, remember, was Wells, the historian. Remember how carefully he defined his point of view, how he made it plain here and there, throughout the "Outline," that he was writing, not as a moralist, not as a theologian, not as one who judges men or motives, but as a historian—as one who would report and record events and developments and trace out the relationships of those events and developments to the tremendous story of mankind.

Yet what did Wells, the historian, do with the story of Alexander? Wells, the historian, turned to the lit-

By **ARTHUR H. LITTLE**  
Editor, System Magazine

## To Hold the Reader

**T**HIS month, Mr. Little explains how to enliven your manuscript—how to visualize, and dramatize. His six articles, of which this is the fourth, are packed with helpful tips for the writer who wants to crash the business-magazine gates. Mr. Little, now editor of System, at one time edited Business magazine, published by the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, by whose permission these articles are appearing in The Quill.

erary tool kit of Wells, the novelist, picked up certain tools, certain literary instruments, and applied them to the immediate job that confronted Wells, the historian. So Wells wrought with the other "stories" you liked.

**I**N those stories Wells used two rhetorical devices, two devices of literary invention that the rhetoricians call "visualization" and "dramatization."

For our present purposes these names are as good as any. When Wells undertook to make you see a given historical situation or to know a given historical character, he visualized that situation or that character. When Wells undertook to enable you to sense the "story," to enable you to watch its action and to feel its emotions, he dramatized that story. To what effect? He caused you to remember the story. You remember how it thrilled you, inspired you. You remember how you exclaimed, "It reads just like a novel!" And only long after you have read the "story," after you have read it for its interest and then read it again for analysis, do you realize that when Wells wrote that passage he wrote as a craftsman conscious of his craft, as a workman who selects, deliberately and carefully, certain tools for certain purposes.

**S**OME time ago, a writer found a story in Chicago, the story of the method of a State Street shoe-store concern in checking up the work of its salesmen and in supervising and directing their work to the end that they might become better salesmen. The contributor had talked at length with the manager of the store. He had gathered most of his facts, all pertinent facts, logical facts, necessary facts. Here and there, at stages in the line of thought where he knew he would have to write specifically, the contributor had asked the manager to explain specifically.

The store manager had explained the general scheme and application of the plan by which salesmen were judged, not as star performers in selling some single line of merchandise, but as all-around performers in selling all the lines in the store. The manager had explained his method of grading his salesmen. Thus far all was clear.

"And now," the writer said to the store manager, "I want to know, specifically, how the plan operates on the men."

"Well," the manager said, "I look over the salesmen's scores every week. When I find a salesman running a little low on his general average, I call him into my office and have a little talk with him."

"What is the nature of that little talk?" the writer asked.

"Why," said the manager, wondering, perhaps, how one so dull ever could write for a magazine, "why, I talk to him about his work, about his weak spots, I try to 'pep' him up. You know—the usual stuff."

**Y**ES, the writer knew; he knew, in a general way, just what one of those little talks would be like. But the writer knew, too, that when he came to write of this shoe store's plan of selling shoes, and particularly when he came to describe the effect of that plan upon the salesmen, he would have to be specific.

In his questioning the writer took a different tack. "Tell me this, Mr. Mittelman," he suggested; "when one of your salesmen falls down in sales, what phase of his selling is it, usually, that falls first and so pulls down his general average? Specifically, what are some of the causes of a salesman's failure to measure up to the store standard?"

## Here Are Some Devices by Which a Writer Can Put Flesh on Literary Skeletons » » »

"Poor salesmanship," the manager said. "Usually the poor salesman is a poor salesman because he doesn't try to sell his customers or because he says the wrong things to them."

Says the wrong things! Here, finally, was something specific.

"For instance," the writer prompted, "just what are some of the wrong things that he says?"

The manager specified. On the tip of his tongue he had specific instances—dozens of them. He had heard his salesmen talk to customers; he knew how a salesman, especially a poor salesman, is wont to talk. The manager recited conversations. In his notebook the writer stored these conversations away.

**T**HEN the writer wrote his story. He described, in general, the philosophy of the shoe store's plan of rating salesmen; he explained that the purpose of the plan was to find the weak spots in the sales force and the weak spots in the individual salesman in order that, somehow, those weak spots might be strengthened. As he described the rating plan the writer drew a comparison, for clarity's sake, with the method by which an all-around baseball player might be rated—by an average of his percentage scores at bat, on the bases and in the field.

So much for the plan; now for its application. Here the writer encountered in his own mind the question: "Well, now that the management has found the weak spots, what does the management do?"

The manager of the store, remember, had answered that same question. He had said: "I look over the salesmen's scores every week. When I find a salesman running a little low on his general average, I call him in to my office and have a little talk with him."

The writer might have written: "The manager looks over the salesmen's scores every week. When he finds a salesman who is falling below a proper average the manager calls that salesman into his office and has a little talk with him."

That paragraph would have been accurate. It would have told the story. But it would have told the story as Wells might have told the story of Alexander if he had written in the style of the encyclopedia, beginning thus: "Alexander III, known

as The Great (356-323 B. C.), king of Macedon, was the son of Philip II, of Macedon, and Olympias, an Epirote princess."

**H**ERE, before him, in one of those little talks in the store manager's office between the manager and a salesman failing to make good, the writer had a story. Here he had an interlude. Here he had a conflict—a minor conflict, but nevertheless a conflict—between opposing characters and opposing forces. Here he had the elements of a little drama.

The writer visualized and dramatized a "little talk" in the store manager's office. He peopled his drama with two characters, the manager and a salesman. The salesman he created and named Hunter. He caused his characters to speak, to discuss the ailing salesmanship of this salesman, Hunter. For his material for the dialogue the writer drew on what the store manager had told him about the salesmen's sins—sins of omission and sins of commission.

That conference in the manager's office, visualized and dramatized into a little interlude and woven into the exposition of the business story, read like this:

That personal work is going on all the time in the Miller store. Consider again the score sheet and contemplate again a typical case. The sheet reveals that Salesman 74—whose name, say, is Hunter—has achieved for the preceding week these grades: gross sales, "C"; returns, "A"; hosiery, "B"; accessories, "C."

This salesman's most obvious and most serious weakness is in his gross sales; he needs building up in salesmanship. The boss calls Salesman 74 into his office for a little talk. That little talk, as it generally happens in the Miller store, will go something like this:

"Mr. Hunter," the boss begins, "you're a new man, but you're making a pretty good record. You are careful and courteous with your customers. Your low percentage of returns proves that you are conscientious and mindful of the reputation of the store. But don't you suppose that you could boost your sales a little? What seems to be the trouble? Do many of your customers go out without buying?"

"Yes," says Mr. Hunter, pleased, it seems, at a chance to

get a load off his mind. "That's just the trouble. I work hard with my customers, but somehow I can't seem to sell 'em. For one thing, they seem to stick on the question of price. Why, not twenty minutes ago—in fact, just before I came down here to your office—I lost a sale on account of price."

"Tell me about it," the boss invites.

"Well," Mr. Hunter relates, "this woman came in and said to me: 'I want a pair of brown satin pumps for ten dollars.'"

"Yes," prompts the boss, "and what did you say to her?"

"Why," says Mr. Hunter, obviously surprised that the manager doesn't realize the obvious, "why, I told her that we didn't have anything like that for ten dollars. And she walked out."

"Naturally," the boss concedes. "And what more could you have done?"

"That's just it," Mr. Hunter agrees. "What more could I have done? I knew that the cheapest thing we have in a brown satin pump is twelve-fifty. I couldn't have sold her that for ten, could I?"

"No," the boss admits, "but this is what you could have done: You could have ignored, at first, the matter of price. You could have asked the woman to sit down. You could have measured her foot and explained to her that we sell shoes only on measurement. Then you could have fitted her with that twelve-fifty pump. You could have said to her: 'That, madame, is the best pump we have in the house for your foot. It fits you perfectly in the heel and in the arch. It's trim and modish. It will give you complete satisfaction. But the price is twelve-fifty. I have a brown pump at ten dollars that I can show you; but, it isn't satin; the last isn't as well adapted to your foot as the last you have on, and the shoe will not give you the service this shoe will give you.' She would have taken the twelve-fifty pump and you would have done her a real service. Try it the next time, Mr. Hunter." Mr. Hunter will do just that.

**T**HE effect? The reader "sees" the little interlude and "feels" it. To him it seems "near" and "real." If you were to ask him about it, the reader would say that he liked that



little story, that bit of drama, because the writer had made it interesting. What the reader does not realize is that the writer of that interlude really achieved a manifold purpose. First, he saved himself many words; to have expressed the same ideas in straight exposition or even in ordinary narration might have required pages of typing. Besides saving words, the writer impressed his reader vividly. Furthermore, by breaking up the solidity of his exposition with an interlude of narrative, with dialogue, the writer entertained the reader and pleased him. Finally, the writer taught the reader something—told him, in the interesting words of a conversation, just what specific faults of salesmanship a retail shoe salesman may conceal in his make-up and just how a shoe-store manager, after finding those faults, can correct them. Even here, in drama, the writer managed to "tell how."

Visualization and dramatization, useful and effective devices of composition, frequently are applied together; for, as we have just seen in the examples cited in this article, to dramatize a given situation, a given passage of thought, the writer first must visualize that situation or that passage. But visualization, the more versatile member of the team, frequently performs alone.

Visualization, for instance, is an attribute of good description. Obviously, if a writer is to describe a person, a group of persons, a situation or condition, a method or a process—if he is to describe anything at all, he first must visualize for himself that which he would describe to his reader. The writer himself must first see clearly.

Visualization, then, is a two-phase process. In the first phase the writer forms the image in his own mind; in the second phase he conveys that image to the mind of the reader. What is the image? What does it look like? First the writer answers that question for himself; then he answers it for the reader. He searches in his own experience and in the reader's experience for comparisons, for analogies by which he may describe the unfamiliar in the terms of the familiar, the unknown in the terms of the known. He employs simile and metaphor.

**V**ISUALIZATION, dramatization—these are devices of invention; these are instruments to which the writer turns his hand to achieve a predetermined effect. There are other devices, other instruments, equally useful.

Have you ever caught yourself in the act of skimming a newspaper, a magazine or a novel for quotation marks—looking for conversation, for dialogue? Every reader has been guilty of that. Why? Because he is looking for the spots of light that, he hopes, will illuminate the long grey reaches of solid text. Not the casual reader only, but the student, the thinker, seeks those spots of light; for, in their instincts, the student and the skimmer are "brothers under the skin." They both hunt for dialogue. And the writer must serve them both.

Dialogue, however, may not exist for itself alone. Dialogue is like real humor, in that it cannot be "injected." If you sandwich dialogue into the text for the tricky purpose of catching your reader's eye with the quotation marks, then dialogue has no place in your story. Behind your dialogue there must be a deeper, more fundamental, more honest purpose than that; dialogue must carry forward the current of your story. "How then," you inquire, "if I must consider the instincts of the reader, who hunts through my story for quotation marks, but if I must not inject my dialogue merely to lure the reader's attention—how then am I to manage dialogue?"

The point is this: Probably you overlook opportunities for dialogue; probably you relate in ordinary narration certain incidents that you could

tell more effectively in dialogue; probably you smother with exposition or description many a little story that you could visualize and dramatize into an interlude in dialogue. Probably you write: "The president looked up from his desk, greeted his caller and asked him to be seated until he had finished his dictation," when you could write more coherently, more effectively, more realistically and more entertainingly: "The president looked up from his desk and said, 'Good morning. Sit down until I finish this dictation.'"

**P**ROFESSOR John Franklin Genung, in his "Working Principles of Rhetoric," points out the uses of dialogue in narration and offers a word or two of warning.

"Though it may seem, and ought to seem, as casual and as spontaneous as everyday speech," Professor Genung says, "it is, as a matter of fact, managed from point to point and steered to an end. Any word of conversation that does not contribute to one or more of these things—to advance the story, to throw light on character, or to supply some necessary descriptive element—is superfluous. Brilliant and sprightly as it may be, it is irrelevant, and so a blemish, an excrescence.

"As to the style of dialogue," Professor Genung continues, "the fact that it has to be steered to an end is apt, in the case of young writers, to make it stiff and didactic, or goody-goody. It is, in fact, a most delicate working tool to manage. Two elements must be reconciled in it: its literary shaping and its truth to nature. In the first is secured its office in the development of the story, and with this a certain elevation and acceptability as composed diction. In the second is secured its limpid spontaneity, and with this an impression of natural abandon. Each element must be tempered by the other, until the effect of studied art disappears and only the flavor of nature remains."

**W**HEN you put words into the mouths of your characters, then be sure that the words carry forward your story and be sure that the words you compel your defenseless creatures to speak are words that, in the same circumstances, these characters would speak if they were flesh-and-blood human beings. Don't compel them to create if they wouldn't orate to circumlocute if they wouldn't circumlocute, to expound if they wouldn't expound.

### "Quotation Marks"

From Scripps-Howard News

**D**URING this year newspaper publishers will be wise to avoid the superfluous to the utmost, and to recognize again that the essential business of the newspaper is the gathering and presentation of facts as current news interest, with as little waste space and lost motion as possible.—Robert P. Scripps.

**C**HARACTER is a subtle affair and has many shades and sides to it. It is the slow deposit of past actions and ideals. It is for each man his most precious possession, and so it is for that latest growth of time, the newspaper. Fundamentally it implies honesty, cleanliness, courage, fairness, a sense of duty to the reader, and the community.—Charles P. Scott, Manchester Guardian, England.

## THE BOOK BEAT

Conducted by MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY

### Heavy on the Thinking

**EDITORIAL THINKING AND WRITING**, by Chilton R. Bush. D. Appleton and Co., New York. 1932. \$3.00.

When M. Lyle Spencer published his "Editorial Writing" in 1924, he prefaced it with a statement by the editor of the *Wall Street Journal* that most editorials are valueless because of "lack of disciplined thought." Apparently Professor Bush has had the same thing in mind, for most of the 450 pages of his book are devoted to editorial thinking and very few of them to editorial writing.

The book is, in fact, a short course in the art of thinking, with special application to editorial thought. When Professor Bush attacks what he calls "editorials of explanation," for instance, he does it from the angle of the type of thought applied to them. He first defines clearly the class of editorial he is about to discuss; he then shows how the skilled editorial writer goes about thinking through his problem, planning his discussion, selecting the attack and the point of view best suited to his purpose. He makes ample and expert use of carefully chosen examples—examples both of actual editorials and of the approach to them by the editorial writer or the editorial council.

This use of specific example is perhaps the outstanding feature of the book. For Professor Bush not only takes concrete problems—the problem of naval ratio, for instance, or of Russia's motive in dumping wheat, or of America's attitude toward the League of Nations—and shows his reader the thinking, the weeding out of nonessential elements, that lead up to the construction of editorials about them. He also analyzes the entire problem, so that the most uninformed reader may himself go through the proper process of thinking. And he devotes several chapters to explanation of sound and unsound methods of thought, of logical development of reasoning, of various reasoning processes.

Only the last three chapters are devoted to such subjects as structure, style and the human-interest editorial. This is unorthodox in a book intended as a textbook for the student of the editorial, be he a journalistic

undergraduate or a practicing newspaperman. But if it's true that the chief hole in modern editorial writing is "disciplined thought," this is the book the student should have. Any individual aiming at editorial writing will have learned to write before he starts to study the editorial, anyway, as far as that goes—either he will have learned to write or he will know

### Worth Your While

**PAST YEARS**. An Autobiography, by Sir Oliver Lodge. Scribner's, New York. \$3.00.

An honest personal record and a true interpretation of a glorious period in physical science.

**MENTAL HEALERS**, by Stefan Zweig. Viking, New York. \$3.50.

Herr Zweig studies Franz Mesmer, Mary Baker Eddy and Sigmund Freud. **THE UNITED STATES AND DISARMAMENT**, by Benjamin H. Williams. McGraw-Hill, New York. \$3.50.

Interpretative discussion of a problem that every newspaperman who considers himself well informed must understand.

**ADVENTUROUS AMERICANS**, edited by Devere Allen. Farrar and Rinehart, New York. \$3.00.

Biographical sketches of contemporary Americans, fighters all, such as Justice Holmes, Jane Addams, Oswald Villard, Scott Nearing and others.

**ADVERTISING MEDIA**, by Hugh Elmer Agnew. Van Nostrand, New York. \$4.00.

Professor Agnew writes illuminatingly on the selection of advertising media, from newspapers to radio and back again.

that he can never learn to write.

Some 50 pages in the back of the book are devoted to "exercises," intended as an aid to the journalism instructor. Even without these, however, "Editorial Thinking and Writing" is an excellent book for any student of the art. It is superior both in its approach and in its treatment.

### A Word in Season

**WORDS CONFUSED AND MISUSED**, by Maurice H. Weseen. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. 1932. \$2.00.

Test of knowledge: Give yourself 20 minutes and try to think of a commonly misused word that you can't find in Professor Weseen's 300-page handbook. If by any chance you succeed in the first test, try a second. The chances are a hundred to one against you, because Professor Weseen has included just about everything in it. There's even a discussion

of "choose" in the Coolidgean sense and a description of the term "xmas" as "probably the worst among the crudities of commercial cant."

The book is the most complete of its type I have seen. Any craftsman in words is certain to find it a useful book to keep ready on his desk.

## RANDOM NOTES

**WHOEVER** invented footnotes should be forced to walk a four-inch plank, backward, over a pit full of raving readers driven insane by their attempts to hop back and forth from text to the bottom of the page. Footnotes are a silly institution. Much of the information they give could be put into body matter without damaging it; the parts that couldn't should be put into an appendix. Forcing a reader to leap from text to a footnote is consciously distracting his attention; the footnote slows him up and makes the text less effective. . . . Mr. Samuel Scoville, Jr., a Philadelphia lawyer who writes excellently of animals, contributes an amazing piece to the February 27 *Saturday Review of Literature*. He reviews "Buckets of Blood, Senor Bum in the Jungle," and he quotes the purple-lettered blurb from the jacket: "Extraordinary Encounters With Blood Thirsty Indians, Monstrous Reptiles, Ferocious Beasts, Treacherous Freebooters." He then proceeds to tell you why he does not believe some of the tales in the book—one about "feasting on broiled spiders the size of plates and closely resembling monkeys," another concerning a Ford that chased Indians through the jungle, honking its horn—and, believe it or not, he is not spoofing. What's more, he doesn't think the author of the book is. . . . One of the most promising books of the year—literally—is "The Problem of Life and How to Solve It," by John C. Starbuck. Mr. Starbuck's book, if it lives up to its title, answers everything. No more need for science, philosophy, anything. . . . A recent survey of reader reaction to publishers' advertising showed that most readers feel book announcements to be ineffective, unconvincing because they are given to overstatement and to "dishonest appeal." But Simon and Schuster announce that a private survey of their own indicates that readers of their ads (chiefly of the well-known Inner Sanctum type) get an opposite reaction.—M. V. C.



## CITY ROOM CYNICS UNMASKED

(Continued from page 4)

sion, they exercise every power of ingenuity and intelligence at their command, they cheerfully undergo the thousand forms of discomfort and inconvenience imposed by the hurly-burly of this ultramodern civilization.

On the wall of the New York *World's* editorial office used to be a bronze tablet dedicated to the memory of Gregory T. Humes, who, fatally injured in a railroad wreck at Stamford, Connecticut, insisted that his paper be notified before his mother was telephoned to come to him.

Again, reporters sneer at sentiment. Many of them, it is true, write sob stories with their tongues in their cheeks; but they are lying when they say that they have lost the powers of sympathy, pity or imagination.

They "want to get out of the lousy business." But they stay in it. Or, when they actually do go into publicity or advertising or politics or shoe manufacturing, they commence at once to confess yearning to get back—in spite of the disadvantages that have so griped them. Many of them do return. Those who once learn the smell of ink rarely permit themselves to get it out of their nostrils.

A new reporter coming into a newspaper office finds it the mode to growl and curse and complain. The old-timers are doing it. The newcomers emulate them and rapidly acquire great skill at the art. The loudest howlers at a dog show are the pups who have never been on display before. Usually, before much time has elapsed, they learn that one does it because it is the thing to do, not because he means it. Plenty of cub reporters look about them in something pretty close to horror when they hear the mourners' chorus, wondering what can be the reason, in the midst of so much wailing, that the chief wailers don't do something about it. They soon find out.

**T**HERE is less sincerity in the chorus today than there was even a decade ago. This is partly due to a certain improvement in the newspaper worker's estate, and to the growing influence of the business office in the government of the newsroom. "The countingroom," wrote Henry Watterson in 1910, "which is next to the people and carries the purse, will see that decency pays, that good sense and good faith are good investments, and it will look closer to the personal character and the moral product of the editorial room, requiring better

equipment and more elevated standards." "Marse" Henry's prophecy is becoming fact. Business-office standards and business-office thinking are having obvious effect on the standards and thinking of the city room.

Better working conditions and somewhat better salaries are among the results of this business-office domination. And the reporter who works at a good desk on a good typewriter in a well-lighted, reasonably clean newsroom, who is moderately well-dressed and who, if not well-paid, is at least paid more nearly on the level of workers in parallel jobs cannot affect the contempt for himself and his job that the old-timer revelled in.

The colleges, too, are doing their share. More and more are city editors asking for college-trained men for their staffs. A recent survey showed a majority of editors declaring a preference for such men and a belief that, though college training is far from ideal, it is a pronounced advantage to the worker and his paper. And, whatever else a student in a school or department of journalism may or may not get in way of adequate technical training, he is given a background of belief in the function of journalism and in the fundamental soundness of ordinary human ideals as applied to it. Such a man has a tougher armor with which to meet the pseudo-cynical shower that greets him, and is even less impressed by it than the reporter who has not been subjected to collegiate journalistic training.

**W**HAT it all comes to is this: Not only the girls at Goucher and Smith, but also their parents—

not to mention the newspaper man himself—are finding out the truth about the reporter. He is not the cynic he has painted himself. He enjoys himself. He likes his job. He makes sacrifices to keep it, and he works like Hercules at it. He believes in it—believes the old saws about service and newspaper responsibility, deride them though he may.

One may expect the gradual disappearance of the newspaper cynic. Eventually reporters are going to be as honest with themselves as are the average physician, lawyer and drug-store clerk. Not any more honest, but not less so. The passing of the pseudo-cynic will rob fiction of a sure-fire eccentric character, and it will do its share to promote one hundred per cent standardization of the American scene.

But it will not essentially alter the newspaper man's attitude toward his job. For the change will be a surface change, not a fundamental one. They say that—to put it originally—the pendulum is swinging back from the modish realism and would-be sophistication of the last ten years toward Victorian sentimentality. Newspaper men won't make the full swing with it, for they are a little too close to daily life to be taken in by the kind of movement that relies on nice elderly ladies in literary clubs for its strength.

But they are certainly headed along a parallel track. The difference is that their progress is genuine, and will continue long after the pendulum has made more than one swing and perhaps a couple of circles.

## You Must Like Folks—

(Continued from page 8)

nerves me for the call I have to make tomorrow, the purpose of which is to collect ten dollars from Bill Simpson, beside whom the bark on a tree hangs in loose box pleats. If it isn't in you to feel this way, don't tackle the country newspaper proposition. It won't be anything but a fade-out for you. Follow Mr. Webster's advice and go into it thoroughly before you commit yourself.

**F**OR you must like folks. If you cannot become interested in them; if you want your time outside office hours all to yourself, if you are unwilling to act on committees or to

have personal problems brought to your desk, to receive confidences and to treat them as sacred, to administer first aid where others have failed, then don't go into rural journalism.

It is most emphatically not, as Mr. Webster has well said, a "dream-come-true" affair. It is often a matter to grill you and nearly break your heart, but it has its compensations, even its financial compensations—of a modest sort. There are all kinds of angles to it, and as the shrewdest business man will admit, anyway in his better moments, the biggest values of life are likely to be the most intangible.

## AFTER DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

**A**N army of newspapermen and photographers was still encamped in the New Jersey hills, awaiting some word of the fate of the missing Lindbergh baby, as the writing of this column was undertaken. Another army of newsgatherers was deployed at other points investigating dozens of wild rumors, reports and theories.

Surely not the most vivid imagination of the city rooms could have conjured up a story more likely to capture the headlines of the press of the world than did the abduction of this child.

Personal contact between the Colonel, members of his household, and all of the newspapermen and women sent swarming toward the Lindbergh home by their editors scarcely was likely under the circumstances. Yet every individual and the editor who sent him out doubtlessly hoped for a personal interview.

The flier, and his family, it has been indicated, soon took the attitude that the widespread publicity was hindering rather than aiding the child's safe return. And, I believe, most newspapermen would admit frankly that since the widespread publicity given the abduction in the first few days did not result in the apprehension of the kidnapers or the recovery of the child, further publicity scarcely could have done so.

**D**EFINITE information on what was being done and what, if any, developments there were, proved difficult to get. The result was that newspaper readers found themselves reading stories in one edition that were denied in the next. Stories were printed one day to be disproved or discredited the following day.

Stories were rushed into print, it was apparent, that had not been carefully checked or verified. Would it not have been fairer to all concerned if such stories had gone unprinted and the readers had been told simply that there were no developments of importance?

The Lindbergh story has shown that some plan, some procedure, some system needs to be worked out in the handling of news stories of such consequence. It would be physically impossible for the principals in

such an affair to be interviewed individually by the scores of writers sent to the scene. And imagine the entire throng trying to question one of the principals at a sitting.

**I**T would appear in such cases as this, that some representative of the principals should be designated to be the contact between them and the press. The contact could carry the questions of the newsmen to the principals, confer with them, then meet again with the press. This contact should deal with a group of newsmen which would include at least one representative from each of the three major news-gathering associations or services, the Associated Press, the United Press and International News Service.

Or, perhaps better still, let this selected group of newswriters—chosen for their integrity, good sense, tact and judgment—meet directly with a principal, say it was Col. Lindbergh

in the kidnaping case, once or twice a day. Have it arranged that they would share and share alike in developments between the conferences.

If this group contained the representatives of the three press services mentioned, every newspaper in the country then would receive direct information on the case direct from those involved.

**T**HIS plan need not prevent a city editor from assigning his entire staff, should he care to do so, to the following up of reports, theories and hunches. But it would relieve the pressure at the center of the case and upon the principals. Such a small group would not interfere in many ways as a veritable army of reporters and photographers might.

If some such plan as this is not followed, the gathering of the news in such important stories is going to become more and more difficult.

This is no desire to attack newspaper enterprise, initiative or investigation. It is a suggestion advanced with the idea of contributing something to the solution of handling such stories as the Lindbergh kidnaping.

## And It's Called Criticism

(Continued from page 9)

paper may now use whatever pictures and stories he chooses, however, for the motion-picture company has decided it cannot afford to spend so much money in that newspaper any longer.

Judging from the reviews in the same newspaper, there never was a poor movie or play in any of the theaters, although Newark is a "try-out" town for dramas and musical comedies.

**S**UCH cases are not confined to the smaller cities, however. Chicago has seen flagrant examples, and so has New York. In Chicago last year the regular dramatic critic of a morning newspaper wrote an unfavorable review of a play produced by one of the larger theatrical corporations. The Chicago representative of the producers was on the telephone within a few minutes after the newspapers reached the street. The review written by the regular critic immediately was killed and the later editions carried a laudatory notice, written by the second-string reviewer.

Confident that the third act of the play she was covering would not be

any better than the first two, a young woman in the dramatic department of a New York morning newspaper left the theater after the second act of a premiere. An excellent third act would not have made the play a worthy one, so the critic felt justified in leaving.

The press agent saw her walk out and immediately called her newspaper. The review which she telegraphed to her office was used but the critic was told to return to the theater the next night to see the entire play.

A few newspapers have made notable fights against producers who sought to rule their dramatic columns. When the Shuberts barred Alexander Woolcott, then dramatic critic for the *New York Times*, from their theaters, the *Times* refused all Shubert advertising, and carried the case to the Supreme Court. It is true the *Times* lost the decision there, but it carried no notices of Shubert productions until the producers agreed to allow the critic for that newspaper to give his critical faculties full play. Such cases, however, have been all too few.



## GOLD TROUBLE!

(Continued from page 5)

sible sudden withdrawal of gold. This was one important factor in England's abandonment of the gold standard. Many nations had large sums on deposit in London and these deposits were part of the legal reserves of the various nations involved. Nearly all of them tried to withdraw their balances in a hurry late last summer and England was unable to supply the necessary gold.

During the last two years or more, the gold standard has come in for a great deal of criticism as being the primary cause of the present depression. It should be recognized clearly that the real gold standard has not been in operation since the War. Instead, there has been a combination of the true gold standard, of the gold exchange standard and a whole new development of high tariffs and bounties which have prevented the gold standard from functioning automatically as it had previously.

Before the War, if gold had flowed to the United States in anything approaching the quantities which it did from 1920 to 1928, the United States would have had an inflation of business and prices which would have put this country at a hopeless disadvantage in international trade, which would automatically have corrected the maldistribution of gold. This was prevented, however, by our high tariffs, by receipt of war loans including reparations and by the policy of the Federal Reserve Banks. Consequently, the rest of the world continued to owe us money on balance and the only way they could pay this money was by borrowing or by shipping us gold, both of which were resorted to.

It has frequently been maintained that there was a shortage of gold in the world by 1929, and that this shortage hampered the extension of credit and business and tended to drive down prices. There is no way of proving this assertion and, in fact, the evidence is that there was no real shortage of gold. What there was was a maldistribution of gold which seriously crippled a large part of Europe, Australia and most of South America. At the same time, the United States and France had more gold than they possibly could use. The problem, it seems to this writer, was not one of finding more metal which would take the place of gold as a money base, but rather of effecting a redistribution of gold supplies. This

redistribution cannot be accomplished except temporarily without revising the artificial restraints on international trade and international prices.

ALL sorts of agitation for other monetary standards have been going on for the past two years. Platinum and silver have both been suggested but, of course, the most universal suggestion is a return to a bimetallic standard of gold and silver. Theoretically, there is nothing against this proposal; practically, there is everything against it. The only reason that gold is a satisfactory money base is that it is the one metal in which everybody has confidence. If, in some miraculous manner, the legislatures of the world could instill in the public an equal confidence in silver, then silver would be a perfectly satisfactory money base, as would beads, or chewing gum, or anything else. The great difficulty, of course, is that not everybody will believe in silver as a metal which will always have a standard value in relationship to gold. The minute one nation loses confidence that 40 ounces of silver (or whatever ratio might be fixed by law) are worth one ounce of gold, the bimetallic standard would be doomed. This particular nation would then demand payment on international transactions in gold rather than in silver. Soon other nations would do the same, and silver would then cease to be worth a fixed ratio to gold and hence would be useless as a basis for credit.

Much has also been heard about abandoning gold completely and substituting in its place some sort of a "managed" currency, that is to say a currency the volume of which would be arbitrarily determined by central banks on the basis of the requirements of business. It is difficult to imagine how international trade or any long-time-forward commitments between nations could be made with such currencies.

There would be no way of predicting, for example, what the value of the English pound and of the American dollar, if neither were tied up to gold, might be six months or a year away. How, then, would it be possible to conduct future transactions between the two countries or make international loans when the money yardsticks of both nations might either shrink or expand during the period?

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# WHO «» WHAT «» WHERE

CARL L. TURNER (Ohio State Associate), division superintendent of International News Service in Pennsylvania, has been transferred to the King Features Syndicate sales staff in Chicago.

• • •

FRANK H. BARTHOLOMEW (Oregon State Associate), Pacific division manager of the United Press, recently made a trip to Honolulu.

• • •

LUTHER A. HUSTON (Washington Associate), manager of the Chicago bureau of International News Service, recently addressed the Mid-Town Kiwanis Club of Chicago on the war in the Orient. Huston represented I. N. S. as correspondent in Japan and China for several years.

• • •

ART SUSOTT (Wisconsin '29) has left the Kokomo (Ind.) *Free Press* to become telegraph editor of the South Bend (Ind.) *News-Times*.

• • •

W. A. BRUNSON (South Carolina '29) is a reporter for the Columbia (S. C.) *Record*. His father, MASON BRUNSON, Sr., is editor of the Florence (S. C.) *Morning News* and a brother, MASON BRUNSON, Jr., has recently joined the Columbia *Record* staff as a reporter, following his graduation in January from the University of South Carolina.

• • •

LESTER F. ADAMS (Oregon Associate) has announced his candidacy for mayor of Portland, Ore. He was until recently managing editor of the *News-Telegram*, afternoon daily, of that city.

• • •

P. A. HALEY (Georgia '29), formerly with the *United States Daily*, Washington, D. C., is now with the Richmond (Va.) bureau of the Associated Press.

## OHIO CONTEMPT LAW CHANGE IS SOUGHT

EFFORTS to effect a change in the Ohio contempt-of-court law so that an offended judge will not hear a contempt case himself has been launched by the Ohio State University chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity. The move of the Ohio State chapter is in line with similar campaigns undertaken by other chapters of the fraternity, particularly the Indiana alumni chapter, which was successful in having the Indiana contempt law so changed.

THEODORE A. EDIGER (Kansas '29), free-lance writer and Mexico City correspondent for the New York *Evening Post* and other newspapers, has left for Paris after three years in the Mexican capital. He will write for American newspapers and magazines from the French capital. Present at a farewell banquet for him at the American Club in Mexico City were CHARLES P. NUTTER (Missouri '23), Associated Press; HARRY NICHOLLS, New York *Times*; JOHN H. CORNYN, Chicago *Tribune*; RALPH HILTON, New Orleans *Times-Picayune*; ARTHUR CONSTANTINE, International News Service, and JACK STARR-HUNT, New York *Herald-Tribune*.

• • •

HERMAN ROE (Minnesota Associate), field director and former president of the National Editorial Association, was a principal speaker at the fifth annual institute of the Georgia Press Association at the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism, University of Georgia, Athens, February 18, 19 and 20. His subject was "The Master Publisher."

• • •

FRANKLIN M. RECK (Iowa State '24), assistant managing editor of the *American Boy Magazine*, and F. W. BECKMAN (Iowa State Associate), managing editor of *The Farmer's Wife* magazine, were featured speakers at the annual newspaper short course at Iowa State College, Ames, February 19. G. L. CASWELL (Iowa State Associate), managing director of the Iowa Press Association, directed round-table discussion among the more than 50 Iowa newspaper men and women in attendance.

• • •

Country newspapermen look forward with increasing interest yearly to the annual selection by Prof. John H. Casey, country-newspaper specialist at the University of Oklahoma, of his All-American Weekly Newspaper Eleven.

This year's selection, the sixth, was made up of GEORGE PEARCE, of the Simcoe (Ont.) *Reformer*, as fullback and publisher; SOL H. LEWIS (Washington '13), publisher of the Lynden (Wash.) *Tribune*, right halfback and business manager; H. U. BAILEY, Princeton (Ill.) *Bureau County Republican*, left halfback and circulation manager; DOYLE BUCKLES (Kansas '20), editor of the Fairbury (Neb.) *News*, quarterback and editor-in-chief; DESKINS WELLS (Texas '24), editor of the Wellington (Tex.) *Leader*, right end and editorial columnist; W. H. CONRAD, of the Medford (Wis.) *Taylor County Star-News*, right tackle and want-ad

manager; WALTER MICKELSON, editor and publisher of the *Blooming Prairie (Minn.) Times*, right guard and agricultural editor; W. O. TAYLOR, publisher of the Archbold (O.) *Buckeye*, mechanical superintendent and center; PAUL FELTUS (Indiana Associate), editor of the *Bloomington (Ind.) Star*, left guard, captain and feature editor; HOUSTON WARING (Colorado '27), editor of the Littleton (Colo.) *Independent*, community-service editor and left tackle; LOWELL PRATT, editor of the Selma (Calif.) *Irrigator*, editorial writer and left end, and FRANK NORTHUP, of the Enid (Okla.) *Events*, coach.

• • •

WILLIAM YOST MORGAN (Kansas Associate), publisher of the *Hutchinson (Kan.) News and Herald*, and for many years a leading figure in Kansas journalism, died February 17 of bronchial pneumonia. Following his graduation from the University of Kansas in 1885, he became a reporter in Lawrence, Kan. Two years later, he purchased the *Strong City Republican*. He entered the daily field four years later as publisher of the *Emporia Gazette*. He sold the *Gazette* in 1895 to William Allen White and purchased the *Hutchinson News*. He purchased the opposition paper in Hutchinson in 1924 and continued its publication as a separate newspaper after changing its name to the *Herald*. He served his state as state printer, lieutenant-governor, as a member of the legislature and as chairman of the state board of regents. He served overseas during the World War as a welfare worker with the Thirty-fifth Division and also as director of the division's educational work. He had written several travel books, including "A Journey of a Jayhawker," "A Jayhawker in Europe," "The Near East" and "Yurrip As Is."

## SECOND TYPOGRAPHY EXHIBIT ANNOUNCED

EIGHTEEN hundred and seventy-four daily newspapers in the United States have been invited to participate in the Second Exhibition of Newspaper Typography, to be displayed in the Ayer Galleries, Philadelphia, from April 25 until June.

Each newspaper has been asked to submit a complete edition of March 4, 1932, for judgment on typography, which means both type selection and composition, make-up and presswork. Editorial content will not be considered.



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*A promotion manager* who has specialized in education and promotional work with agencies and newspapers.

*A copyreader or rewrite man* with several years of experience on the desks of metropolitan dailies and with press associations.

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